

much as you can. None are so poor that they cannot help to the extent of at least 50 cents per year. You ought to read your church paper. If you cannot raise money enough to pay for it form a club and take at least one copy in each neighborhood, and pass it around and when you are done, pass it to your neighbors.

Avoid the use of idle words. It is quite customary for people to mix a lot of half curse words in their daily conversation, such as "dog on you," "plague take you," and many others of similar purport. All such words are sinful and lead to profanity, and persons who are addicted to such habits lose their influence for good and weaken their efforts to overcome temptation. Never laugh at obscene or profane remarks. If you do not openly rebuke them, show your disapproval by an impressive silence. A frown will do more than an open rebuke and such persons will respect you more by such action.

Watch all sinful impulses. They will break out in open transgression if not "nipped in the bud." Watch your thoughts; they always precede action. Repel them with a prayer. They are evidences of Satan's presence. "Watch and pray that you do not enter into temptation."

Home Circle

HOW JESUS HELPED HARRY

HELEN SOMERVILLE

He was such a tiny fellow, with such a shrewd, intelligent countenance that the deaconess was impressed at once with his appearance.

He was curled up in an old-fashioned rocker, and was so diminutive in size that she supposed he must be about nine or ten years of age.

The other children were playing about the room, and the eldest girl was taking a motherly interest in the sleeping baby, who was lying in a rude couch under the window.

"Where is your mother, dear?" asked the deaconess, seating herself beside the poor, little, deformed boy.

"O, ma's gone to the fact-ry. She's always gone ev'ry day. She has to, you know, to make enough to keep us. She works awful hard. Baby's sick, and Jenny tries to take care of him and me. I'm most as bad as baby myself, ma'am. I can't help myself at all, you see." And the little fellow pointed to his shrunken limbs with a pitiful gesture.

One of the younger children passed his grimy hand over his brother's crooked back, saying, "Poor Harry, it hurts him"

"Hurts!" echoed the crippled boy; "it hurts just awful, and nobody can't make it well. I've been to all the hospitals in the city, and they've done all they could

for me, but it has'nt done any good. I'll never be well in this world. If ma could only be home at times I wouldn't care so much; but it's just awful lonesome, and Jenny and the rest like to play outside and then I am all alone."

"Do you know that Jesus loves you, Harry?" asked the caller. The poor, little, prematurely-old countenance brightened up as the child replied:

"Why, that's all I have to comfort me, ma'am! I lie here all day and think about Jesus, and how He loves me, and how I'm going to live with Him, and never have any pain no more! It makes me so glad to think of Him."

"How old are you, dear?"

"Sixteen, past, ma'am. You wouldn't think so, to look at me, would you, now?"

Sixteen! And all these years, dear, while you have been suffering, the dear Lord has not forgotten you, and some day when He wants you up there He will say, 'Come, Harry, I have a home for you up here.'"

Harry nodded, saying softly, "Yes'm, I know that's all so. If it wasn't for that I don't know how I would ever get along. It's so hard to be patient when the pain's so bad. But Jesus helps me to bear it."

What a lesson of sweet trust in the goodness of the Almighty is this? How many of our older readers can profit by the simple words of little Harry?—*Children's Home Missions.*

THE BASKET OF WATER

"My son," said an old Arab chief, "bring me a basket of water from the spring."

The boy tried to fill the basket, and before he could get back to his father's tent the water leaked out. At last he returned and said:

"Father, I have tried to fill the basket, but the water will not stay in."

"My son," said the old chief, "what you say is true. The water did not stay in, but see how clean the basket is. So will it be with your heart. You may not be able to remember all the good words you hear, but keep trying to treasure them, and they will make your heart clean and pure.—*Exchange.*

HIS "LITTLE FELLER"

I was opening a barrel of apples when the big, dust-covered and necessarily untidy man came back with the empty ash-barrel. I picked up an apple, and held it out toward him, saying as I did so:

"Won't you have an apple?"

He took it eagerly, saying as he did so:

"Thank ye, sir; I've a little feller at home who'll be tickled to death to get it. I'most always find something in the ash-barrels to carry home to 'im at night,

but it ain't often I git anything equal to this big apple. I tell ye the little feller's eyes will shine when he sees it."

I don't know how many times that day my thoughts were on that big, round-handed fellow, with that apple put away carefully in his pocket for that "little feller."

When evening came I thought of the "little feller" who was on the lookout for the big, dust-covered father, with the calloused and soiled hands.

These "little fellers" glorify and beautify many a home in which poverty abides. But human effections can sweetly and patiently endure toil and rags and poverty when there is a "little feller" to meet and greet the father when the long day is done.—*The Watchman.*

A SMART DRAKE

A young lady was sitting in a room near a barnyard where a number of chickens and ducks and geese were kept. She was surprised to see a drake come waddling into the room.

He came up to her, took hold of the bottom of her dress with his beak, and pulled it towards the door. She pushed him away with her hand; but he came back, and pulled away again as before. She was surprised at this strange conduct, and concluded to follow the drake and see where he would take her.

When he saw that she was coming he let go her dress and waddled on before her. Every little while he would turn around and see that she was following, and then kept on. By-and-by he led her to the side of a pond.

There she found a duck caught by its head in the opening of a sluice. The drake, finding his friend in distress and that he could not help her, had done the best thing he could to get help to her, and he succeeded.

The lady took hold of the poor duck and soon got her out of her trouble; and then they waddled off together, beating their wings and crying, "Quack! quack! quack!" as if to show how glad and thankful they were.

It has often been noticed that in such emergencies animals appear to lose their natural timidity of mankind.—*S. S. Visitor.*

RECOMPENSE

A long, tedious day was at its close. From early morning till twilight the faithful mother had taken in hand, one after another, each duty as it came, and now three little heads were nestled safe on the pillows, and the rosy cheeks were shaded by the drooping lashes.

But the wee one could find no rest; tossing and moaning in its distress, it could get no comfort out of the mother's arms, and so the weary hours struck slowly—seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven,